A Quip for a ſcornfull Laſſe.

Or, Three ſlips for a Teſter.

To the tune of Two ſlips for a Teſter.

All you who haue heard
How I did regard
a peeuiſh diſdainfull Laſſe,
Who proud of her beauty,
Forgetting her duty,
did ſeeke to make me an aſſe:
Peare likewiſe my part,
Who haue in my heart
reſolu'd euermore to deteſt he,
Sith ſhe was i'th fault,
I well may reuolt,
and giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

There once a time was,
When I lou'd that laſſe,
more deare then I did mine owne life
And fiercely was bent,
If ſhe would conſent,
with ſpeed to haue made her my wife:
The fooliſh nice creature,
Leſt I ſhould intreat her,
ſuch madneſſe and folly poſſeſt her:
No more Ile be vext,
My humour is ſixt,
Ile giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

As ſhe was to me,
To her will I be:
for ſo all my friends doe aduiſe,
If I ſhould her meet,
I would not her greet,
nor affoord her a glance from my eies:
As I on the way
Was walking one day,
to meet me ſtraight way ſhe addreſt her:
Which I to preuent,
A contrary way went,
and gaue her three ſlips for a teſter.

She came t'other day
To the houſe where I lay,
to ſpeake with me was her deſire,
She ſaid that ſhe would
See me if ſhe could,
but I ſaid I ſcorn'd to come nie her:
Yet thorow the glaſſe
I peept on my Laſſe,
good Lord how braue ſhe had dreſt her
In hope to allure,
But let her be ſure,
Ile giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

She ſtaid at the doore,
An houre and more,
to wait for my comming in ſight:
At laſt I came to her,
But not like a wooer,
though once ſhe was all my delight,
But that I was loath
To infringe mine oath,
I had gone very neer to haue kiſt her
She ſeemed ſo faire,
I could hardly forbeare,
yet I gaue her three ſlips for a teeſter

What lacke you faire maid,
Unto her I ſaid,
or what is your errand with me
She prayd me to come
To her father at home,
to which I deny'd to agree:
And made a reply,
That neuer more I
intended my mind to peeſter,
With any ſmall thought
That concerned me ought,
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The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

At laſt I went with her,
And ſo both together
did come where her father did dwell.
I wonder, quoth he,
That we cannot you ſee,
what haue you forſaken my Nel?
Your daughters too fine,
Quoth I to be mine,
therefore tis in vaine to moleſt her:
Yet take this from me,
I me as ſcornfull as ſhe,
and Ile giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

When ſhe ſtanding by,
Put finger i'th eye,
and fondly began to weepe:
Sir quoth the old man,
Doe all what we can,
where loue cannot goe it will creep.
All this would not ſerue,
I ſtill did reſerue
my vow, & I me glad that I miſt her,
Thus I tooke my leaue,
And they all did perceiue,
I would giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

Yet ſince at a Wedding,
Where ſhe came a gadding,
among other maids of the towne,
She came to the bride,
Of her owne accord,
and cloſe by me ſhe ſate downe,
Thought I this is ſtrange,
To ſee ſuch a change.
I wiſht that my tongue had a bliſter.
When I make that vow,
But I muſt keep't now,
and giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

It makes me to muſe,
That ſhe who did diſe
ſo much to reiect me before,
Should follow me ſo,
Where ere I doe goe,
yet ſhe hath incenſd me ſo ſore,
My heart is ſo hard,
I cannot regard
her beauty which brightly doth gliſter.
I would haue had faine
What now I diſdaine,
I muſt giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

If I had not ſworne
To hold her in ſcorne,
I would not ſo barely deale with her.
Oh had ſhe borne true,
As to loue is due,
ere this we had married together,
For me ſhe ſhall ſtay,
Yet needs muſt I ſay,
that loue is a ſore that will feſter:
I pity her ſtate,
But helpe is too late,
I muſt giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

Let euery mayd
Marke what I haue ſaid,
and leaue off all ſcornfull diſdaine,
Take loue while tis proffered,
And time while tis offerd,
or elſe you may wiſh for't in vaine:
My loue when time was
Did make me an aſſe,
and plaid vpon me like a Jeſter:
But the worſt is her ſhare,
I ſcorne to take care,
but Ile giue her three ſlips for a teſter.

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